THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"That is so, but I think her life was worth a few words. And Thomas Jefferson says she was ten thousand times welcome to the protection his name gave her. I thank my God I have never had such temptation. Overrighteous we must not be, Lysbet."

"I am astonished, also. I thought Arenta would cry out and that only."

"What a man or a woman will do and suffer, no one knows till comes some great occasion. All the human heart wants is the chance."

"As men and women have in Paris to live, I wonder me, that they can wish to live at all! Welcome to them must be death."

"So wrong are you, Lysbet. Trouble and hardship make us love life. A zest they give to it. It was not from the Jews in exile and captivity, but from the Jews of Solomon's glory came the only dissatisfied, hopeless words in the Bible."

"To-morrow, Joris, I will go and see Arenta. She is fair, and she knows it; witty, and she knows it; of good courage, and she knows it; the fashion, and she knows it. To Aurelia Van Zandt she said, my heart will ache forever for my beloved Athanase, and Aurelia says that her old lover Willie Nicholls is at her feet sitting all the day long—yet for all these things she is a brave woman and I will go and see her."

"Willie Nicholls is a good young man, and he is rich also; but of him I saw nothing at all. Cornelia Moran was there and no flower of Paradise is so sweet, so fair!"

"A very proud girl! I am glad she said 'no' to my Joris."

"Come, my Lysbet, we will now pray and sleep. There is so much not to say."

CHAPTER XIV.

The New Days Come.

One afternoon in the late autumn Annie was sitting watching Hyde playing with his dog, a big mastiff of noble birth and character. The creature sat erect with his head leaning against Hyde, and Hyde's arm was thrown around his neck as he talked to him of their adventures on the Broad that day.

Outside there was in the air that November feeling which chills like the passing breath of death. But in the house Annie and Hyde and the dog sat within the circle of warmth and light made by the blazing ash logs, and in that circle there was at least an atmosphere of sweet content. Suddenly George looked up and his eyes caught those of Annie watching him. "What have you been reading, Annie?" he asked, as he stooped forward and took a thin volume from her lap. "Why!" he cried, "'tis Paul and Virginia. Do you read love stories?"

"Yes. The mystery of a love affair pleases every one, and I think we shall not tire of love stories till we tire of the mystery of spring, or of primroses and daffodils."

"Love has been cruel to me. It has made a cloud on my life that will help to cover me in my grave."

"You still love Cornelia?"

"I cannot cure myself of a passion so hopeless. However, as I see no end to my unhappiness, I try to submit to what I cannot avoid."

"My uncle grows anxious for you to marry. He would be glad to see the succession of Hyde assured."

"Oh, indeed, I have no mind to take a wife. I hear every day that some of my acquaintance have married; I hear of none that have done worse."

"You believe nothing of what you say. My uncle was much pleased

"It is from Cornelia."

with Sarah Capel. What did you think of the beauty?"

"Cornelia has made all other women so indifferent to me, that if I cannot marry her, my father may dispose of me as he chooses."

"Cannot you forget Cornelia?"

"It is impossible. Her very name moves me beyond words."

Then they were silent, and Hyde drew his dog closer and watched the blaze among some lighter branches which a servant had just brought in. At his entrance he had also given Annie a letter, which she was eagerly reading. Hyde had no speculation about it; and even when he found Annie regarding him with her whole soul in her face, he failed to understand, as he always had done, the noble love which had been so long and so faithfully his—a love holding itself above endearments; self-repressed, self-sacrificing, kept down in the inmost heart-chamber a dignified prisoner behind very real bars. Yet he was conscious that the letter was of more than usual interest, and when the servant had closed the door be-

His eyes ran over the sweet words.

hind him, he asked, "Whom is your letter from, Annie? It seems to please you very much."

She leaned forward to him, with the paper in her little trembling hand, and said:

"It is from Cornelia."

"My God!" he ejaculated, and the words were fraught with such feeling, as could have found no other vehicle of expression.

"She has sent you, dear George, a copy of the letter you ought to have received more than two years ago. Read it."

His eyes ran rapidly over the sweet words, his face flamed, his hands trembled, he cried out impetuously:

"But what does it mean? Am I quite in my senses? How has this letter been delayed? Why do I get only a copy?"

"Because Mr. Van Ariens has the original."

"It is all incredible. What do you mean, Annie? Do not keep me in such torturing suspense."

"It means that Mr. Van Ariens asked Cornelia to marry him on the same day that you wrote to her about your marriage. She answered both letters in the same hour, and misdirected them."

"God's death! How can I punish so mean a scoundrel? I will have my letter from him, if I follow him round the world for it."

"You have your letter now. I asked Cornelia to write it again for you; and you see she has done it gladly."

"Angel of goodness! But I will have my first letter."

"It has been in that man's keeping for more than two years. I would not touch it. 'Twould infect a gentleman and make of him a rascal just as base."

"He shall write me then an apology in his own blood. I will make him do it, at the point of my sword. Remember, Annie, what this darling girl suffered. For his treachery she nearly died. I speak not of my own wrong—it is as nothing to hers."

"However, she might have been more careful."

"Annie, she was in the happy hour of love. Your calm soul knows not what a confusing thing that is—she made a mistake, and that sneaking villain turned her mistake into a crime. By a God's mercy, it is found out—but how? Annie! Annie, how much I owe you! What can I say? What can I do?"

"Be reasonable. Mary Damer really found it out. His guilty conscience forced him to tell her the story, though to be sure, he put the wrong on people he did not name. But I knew so much of the mystery of your love sorrow, as to put the stories together, and find them fit. Then I wrote to Cornelia."

"How long ago?"

"About two months."

"Why then did you not give me hope ere this?"

"I would not give you hope, till hope was certain. Two years is a long time in a girl's life. It was a possible thing for Cornelia to have forgotten—to have changed."

"Impossible! She could not forget. She could not change. Why did you not tell me? I should have known her heart by mine own."

"I wished to be sure," repeated Annie, a little more sadly.

"Forgive me, dear Annie. But this news throws me into an unspeakable condition. You see that I must leave for America at once."

"No, I do not see that, George."

"But if you consider—"

"I have been considering for two months. Let me decide for you now, for you are not able to do so wisely. Write at once to Cornelia; that is your duty as well as your pleasure. But before you go to her there are things indispensable to be done. Will you ask Lucy Moran for his child, and will you be able to show him that you can give her as she deserves to be cared for? Lawyers will not be hurried, there will be consultations, and engrossings, and signings, and love—in your case—will have to wait upon law."

"'Tis hard for love, and harder perhaps for anger to wait. For I am in a passion of wrath at Van Ariens. I long to be near him. Oh, what suffering his envy and hatred have caused others!"

"And himself also."

"The man is hateful to me."

"He has done a thing that makes him hateful. I hear your father coming. I am sure you will have his sympathy in all things."

She left the room as the Earl entered it. He was in unusually high spirits. Some political news had delighted him, and without noticing his son's excitement he said:

"The Commons have taken things in their own hands, George. I said they would. They listen to the king and the Lords very respectfully, and then obey themselves. Most of the men in the Lower House are unfit to enter it."

"Well, sir, the Lords as a rule send them there—you have sent three of them yourself. But the government is not interesting. I have something else, father, to think about. I have very important news from America. Will you listen to it?"

"Yes, if you will tell it to me straight, and not blunder about your meaning."

"Sir, I have just discovered that a letter sent to me more than two years ago has been knowingly and purposely detained from me."

"Did the letter contain means of identifying it as belonging to you?"

"Ample means."

"Then the man is outside your recognition. You might as well go to the Bridewell and seek a second among its riff-raff scoundrels. Tell me shortly whom it concerns."

"Miss Moran."

"Oh, indeed! Are we to have that subject opened again?"

His face darkened, and George, with an impetuosity that permitted no interruption, told the whole story. As he proceeded the Earl became interested, then sympathetic. He looked with moist eyes at the youth so dear to him, and saw that his heart was filled with the energy and tenderness of his love. He felt that his son had rights all his own, and that he must cheerfully and generously allow them.

"George," he answered, "you have won my approval. What do you wish to do?"

"I am going to America by the next packet."

"You desire to see Miss Moran without delay, that is very natural."

"Yes, sir. I am impatient also to get my letter."

"I think that of no importance."

"What would you have done in my case, and at my age, father?"

"Something extremely foolish. I should have killed the man, or been killed by him. I hope that you have more sense. What does Annie say?"

"Annie is an angel. I walk far below her—and I hate the man who has so wronged—Cornelia. I think, sir, you must also hate him."

"I hate nobody. God send, that I may be treated the same. George, you have flashed your sword only in a noble quarrel, will you now stain it with the blood of a man below your anger or consideration?"

"What do you wish me to do, sir?"

"I advise you to write to Miss Moran at once. Tell her you are more anxious now to redeem your promise, than ever you were before. Say to her that I already look upon her as a dear daughter, and am taking immediate steps to settle upon you the American Manor, and also such New York property as will provide for the maintenance of your family in the state becoming your order and your expectations. Tell her that my lawyers will go to this business to-morrow, and that as soon as the deeds are in your hand, you will come and ask for the interview with Doctor Moran, so long and cruelly delayed."

(To be continued.)

BORESOMENESS OF A BEGINNER.

Why Robinson Was Deserted by His Acquaintances.

Ruggles—Poor old Robinson! It's sad, the saddest thing in the world, perhaps, to see a man deliberately alienate his friends, estrange his family, and make himself an outcast and a horror to everybody, an do it simply to gratify a whim, too.

Struggles—Why, what do you mean? I saw him not so very many days ago, and he seemed perfectly happy, and he told me he never was more prosperous in all his life.

Ruggles—Yes, that's just it. Poor fellow! He's one of those [illegible] kneed men who can't stand pro[illegible]y, apparently. As soon as they get a few dollars—well, you know the rest.

Struggles—Do you mean he's drinking too much?

Ruggles—No. No, indeed. It's possible to feel some sympathy for a man who can't resist that temptation. But poor old Robinson! It's different with him.

Struggles—You can't mean that he's in the toils of a siren? He's too devoted a husband and father for such an escapade.

Ruggles—No. Oh, no. One could wean him perhaps in time from such a miserable infatuation, if it were possible to think of him in such an entanglement. But there seems to be no time in his case.

Struggles—You certainly can't mean that he has——

Ruggles—Yes; that's exactly what he has. Bought it last week. Good heavens, here he comes now! Hurry up and get out of this or he'll be asking automobile to us for the next five hours.—New York Times.

THE LION'S WHELP

A Story of Cromwell's Time

BY AMELIA E. BARR

Author of "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," "I, Thou and the Other One," "The Maid of Maiden Lane," Etc.

CHAPTER XV.

The Fate of Lord Cluny Neville.

On tides of glory England was borne the next three years, to a national honor and strength which had never before been dreamed of. Never in her whole history had the government been at once so thorough and so penetrated with a desire for honesty and capacity. For the first time, the sense of social duty to the state took the place of the old spirit of loyalty to the sovereign. For the first time and only time in the history of Europe, morality and religion were the qualifications insisted on by a court.

In the meantime Spain was helping Charles with money which was spent in plots to assassinate the Protector. The effect of this was several petitions and addresses offered in Parliament begging Cromwell to assume the ancient office of King, if only for the settlement of the nation. He was quite strong enough to have taken it, and there was nothing unmanly either in his desire for the crown or in his refusal of it. One thing he knew well, that the title of King would take all meaning out of the Puritan revolution, and he could not so break with his own past, with his own spiritual life, and with the godly men who had so faithfully followed and so fully trusted him.

Why should he fret himself about a mere word? All real power was in his hands; the army and the navy, the churches and the universities, the reform and administration of the law, and government of Scotland and of Ireland. Abroad, the war with all its details, the alliance with Sweden, with France, with the Protestant princes of Germany, the Protestant Protectorate extending as far as Transylvania, the "planting" of the West Indies, the settlement of the American Colonies, and their defense against their rivals, the French—all these subjects were Cromwell's daily cares.

"To be a king is not in my commission," he said to Doctor Verity. "It squares not with my call or my conscience. I will not fadge with the question again; no, not for an hour."

These three years were full of glory and romance, and the poorest family in England lived through an epic of such national grandeur as few generations have witnessed. Yet, amid it all, the simple domestic lives of men and women went calmly on, and birth, marriage, and death made rich or barren their homes. Jane Swaffham had long been able to think of Cluny—not as lying in a bloody grave, but as one of the Sons of God among the Hosts of Heaven. And this consolation accepted, she had begun to study Latin and mathematics with Doctor Verity and to give her love and her service to all.

Matilda's life during this interval had been cramped and saddened by the inheritance from her previous years. Really loving Cymlin, she could not disentangle the many threads binding her to the old unfortunate passion, for, having become wealthy, the Stuarts would not resign their claim upon her. Thus she was compelled, often against her will, to be aware of plots for the assassination of Cromwell—plots which shocked her moral sense, and which generally seemed to her intelligence exceedingly foolish and useless.

She loved Cymlin, but she feared to marrry him. She feared the reproaches of Rupert, who, though he made no effort to consummate their long engagement was furiously indignant if she spoke of ending it. Then, also, she had fears connected with Cymlin. When very young he had begun to save money in order to make himself a possible suitor for Matilda's hand. In the Irish campaign he had been exceedingly fortunate; he had bought and sold estates, and exchanged prisoners for specie, and in other ways so manipulated his chances that in every case they had left behind a golden residuum. Jane had told Matilda two years previously that Cymlin was richer than his father, and she might have said more than this and been within the truth.

But in this rapid accumulation of wealth, Cymlin had developed the love of wealth. Matilda knew that if she would carry out her intention of making over de Wick house and land to Stephen, it must be done before she married Cymlin. Yet if she surrendered it to Stephen under present circumstances, everything would go, in some way or other, to the needy, beggarly Stuart Court.

She was fretfully thinking over this dilemma in its relation to a new plot against Cromwell's life, when Jane Swaffham visited her one morning in February of 1658. Jane's smiling serenity aggravated her restless temper. "Does nothing on earth ever give you an unhappy thought, Jane?" she asked. "You look as if you dwelt in Paradise."

"I only have to tell you there is another plot."

"I have nothing to do with it."

"Some one you know may be in danger."

"Stephen is at Cologne. If you are thinking of Stephen, thank you. I will write and tell him to keep good hope in his heart, that Jane Swaffham remembers him."

"Dear Matilda, do not make mock of my kindness. The Protector's patience is worn out with this foolish animosity. He is generous and merciful to no purpose. I myself think it is high time he ceased to warn, and begin to punish."

"My dear sweet Jane, the Cromwells are in their kingdom now; I do not pretend to keep foot with them—and I have troubles of my own; pray God they be not too many for me!"

It was evident Matilda was not in an amiable mood, and Jane having said the few words that brought her to Jerery House that morning left her friend. She went away with a troubled look, and Matilda watched the change and smiled to herself at it. "I am quite content to have her made a

"To be a King is not in my commission."

little unhappy," she thought. "On my honor! Jane looks younger and prettier than when Neville was alive and worrying her. Lovers die and husbands die, and 'tis a common calamity, and better people than Jane have endured it. I will go now to my aunt's parlor." She found there an acquaintance whom had had known in Paris, the Countess Gervais.

"I have but now sent a messenger for you, Matilda," said Lady Jevery; "the Countess desired greatly to see you." Then the conversation became reminiscent, and the new plot was not named, and Matilda began to be bored. Suddenly, however, her interest was raised to the highest pitch, for the Countess, touching a bracelet which Lady Jewery wore, said:

"I must tell you a strange thing. I was lately at a dinner where the niece of his Eminence, Cardinal Mazarin, sat at my side. And she wore a necklace and brooch and one bracelet precisely like the bracelet you are now wearing. I cannot help noticing the circumstance, because the jewelry is so exceedingly singular and beautiful."

"Yes," replied Lady Jevery. "And what you say is also very curious, for I once possessed a necklace, brooch and two bracelets like the one I am now wearing. All the pieces were lost excepting this bracelet."

"But how?—let me inquire; where were they lost?"

"Somewhere near Paris. I had intrusted them to a friend who has never since been heard of."

"But the bracelet you are wearing?—this is so singular—you will please pardon——"

"This bracelet," said Lady Jevery, "was more fortunate. Some of the gems were loose and I sent it to my jeweler for repair, just before we left for Paris. He was to forward it to me if he found a safe messenger; luckily he kept it until I returned to London."

"But this is most strange—most strange——"

"Most strange and most suspicious," said Matilda indignantly. "I should say it was evidence that Lord Neville was murdered, and that his Eminence bought jewelry for Hortense Mancini in some irregular way. If I were Lady Jevery, I would insist on knowing from whom."

"Oh, you do make one great mistake, I do assure you! Mademoiselle Mancini is impeccable. You must rest content that the jewels came into her possession in the most correct manner."

Barely listening to these words, Matilda curtsied and abruptly left the room. All now seemed plain to her intelligence. Rupert had lied to her. He had slain and robbed Neville, and the jewels had been sold to Mazarin.

A sudden passion of pity for the handsome young lord came over her. "It was too mean, too savagely cruel for anything!" she almost sobbed. "Men who can do such things are not fit to be loved by women. They are brutes. I will write to Rupert at once. I must know the truth of this matter. If such a crime has been committed, there is no king or prince or priest on earth to absolve it, and I shall wash my hands forever of the Stuarts."

She did not wait for any second or more prudent thoughts. She wrote Rupert that hour a letter, every word of which was flame and tears. When it was finished, she sent a man with it on the instant to catch the Dover mail packet, and all this was accomplished before she had any opportunity to talk over the affair with her uncle. When she did so, he regretted her precipitancy, and refused to move in the matter at all. "It would be the height of imprudence," he said. "The young man is dead and gone, and we cannot bring him back, though England went to war with France on that quarrel. The Protector is ill, worn out with sorrow and anxiety, and if one of his old attacks should seize him at this time, it would have the mastery. And when Cromwell dies, there is no question of what will happen. The nation will give Charles the Second a trial. Then Matilda, when Charles comes back, Prince Rupert comes with him. We may need the friendship of Prince Rupert to save ourselves. No one can tell how this reputedly good-natured Charles will act, when his hands are able to serve his will. I will not then make an enemy of so powerful a man as Prince Rupert is like to be."

It was rarely Sir Thomas spoke with such decision, and Matilda was much impressed by his words. They made her hesitate still more about her marriage with Cymlin.

During the first hours of her discovery, Matilda had wondered if she ought to tell Jane what proof of Cluny's death had come to them; for in her heart she scoffed at the idea of Cluny returning to Paris [illegible] to sell the jewels. [illegible] Jane did not visit her for some time, and she was daily expecting an answer from Prince Rupert. This letter might be of great importance, one way or another, and she resolved to wait for it. It came more rapidly than she had anticipated, and its contents temporarily fanned to a feeble flame her dying illusions concerning her first lover. In this letter Rupert "on his honor" reiterated his first statement. He declared that he left Neville in health and safety, having at the last moment urged upon him his own swift Barb, which offer Neville refused. He said he should seek mademoiselle's presence until he saw her wearing the jewels, and then make question concerning them; and if not satisfied, go at once to her Uncle Mazarin. He was sure it was now only a few weeks ere the truth would be discovered. These promises were blended with his usual protestations of undying devotion, and Matilda was pleased, though she was not satisfied. For to Rupert's letter there was a postscript, and in that postscript one word which sent the blood to her heart, cold with terror—

"P. S. It may be the Bastile, and not the grave, which holds the Neville secret."

(To be continued.)

JOKE WAS ON DEPEW.

Venerable Senator Mistook Criticism for Eulogy.

At a dinner given not long ago to a crowd of congenial railroad men Senator Chauncey M. Depew was, as usual, the star speaker. In the course of his random remarks he told a story wherein a certain manufacturer, left practically alone in his works through a lockout, was represented as pointing to the big office clock over his desk and saying to his friend:

"There are the only two hands in my office that never strike."

"Whereupon," said the Senator, "the clock struck 2."

After the dinner one of Senator Depew's friends came up and congratulated him:

"Your speech was great," he said. "That story about the clock is a daisy."

The Senator beamed. "I think it is pretty good," he said modestly.

About five minutes later another friend came up who was not so eulogistic.

"Chauncey," he said, "I think that story about the clock better every time I hear it. I think to-night was the fiftieth t[illegible]

"Why President Newell says that story is a daisy," expostulated Mr. Depew.

The other laughed. "You ought to study botany, Chauncey, and you would learn that a daisy is a hardy annual."

And thereupon the Senator subsided.—New York Times.

Sarah Bernhardt no longer carries a coffin with her on her provincial tours. Nor has she a traveling menagerie of tame tigers and pet alligators. Her only pets now are a dog and six chameleons.